

'Tis but the shadow of a wife you see,
The name, and not the thing.

Ref. Both, both, O pardon.

Hel. Oh my good Lord, when I was like this Maid,
I found you wondrous kinde, there is your Ring,
And looke you, heeres your letter: this it sayes,
When from my finger you can get this Ring,
And is by me with childe. &c. This is done,
Will you be mine now you are doubly wonne?

Ref. If she my Liege can make me know this clearly,
He loue her dearly, cuer, cuer dearly.

Hel. If it appeare not plaine, and proue vnttrue,
Deadly diuorce step betwene me and you.
O my deere mother do I see you liuing?

Las. Mine eyes smell Onions, I shall weepe anon:
Good Tom Drumme lend me a handkercher.
So I thanke thee, waite on me home, He make sport with
thee: Let thy curties alone, they are scurvy ones.

King Let vs from point to point this storie know,
To make the euen truth in pleasure flow:
If thou beest yet a fresh vncropped flower,
Chooſe thou thy husband, and He pay thy dower.
For I can guesſe, that by thy honest ayde,
Thou kepiſt a wife her ſelfe, thy ſelfe a Maide.
Of that and all the progreſſe more and leſſe,
Refolduedly more leaſure ſhall expreſſe:
All yet ſeemes well, and if it end ſo meete,
The bitter paſt, more welcome is the ſweet.

Flourish.

*The Kings a Begger, now the Play is done,
All is well ended, if this ſuite be wonne,
That you expreſſe Content: which we will pay,
With ſtriſt to pleaſe you, day exceeding day:
Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts,
Your gentle hands lend vs, and take our hearts. Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.



Twelfth Night, Or what you

Actus Primus, Scena Prima.

Enter Orsino Duke of Illyria, Curio, and other
Lords.

Duke.
Musicke be the food of Loue, play on,
Giue me exceſſe of it: that ſurſetting,
The appetite may ficken, and ſo dye.
That ſtraine agen, it had a dying fall:
O, it came ore my eare, like the ſweet ſound
That breathes vpon a banke of Violets;
Stealing, and giuing Odour. Enough, no more,
Tis not ſo ſweet now, as it was before.
O ſpirit of Loue, how quicke and freſh art thou,
That norwithſtanding thy capacite,
Receiueth as the Sea. Nought enters there,
Of what validity, and pitch ſo ere,
But falls into abatement, and low price
Euen in a minute; ſo full of ſhapes is fancie,
That it alone, is high fantaſticall.
Curio. Will you go hunt my Lord?
Duke. What Curio?
Curio. The Hart.
Duke. Why ſo I do, the Nobleſt that I haue:
O when mine eyes did ſee *Olivia* firſt,
Me thought ſhe purg'd the ayre of peſtilence;
That inſtant was I turn'd into a Hart,
And my deſires like fell and cruell hounds,
Ere ſince purſue me. How now what newes from her?

Enter Valentine.

Val. So pleaſe my Lord, I might not be admitted,
But from her handmaid do returne this anſwer:
The Element it ſelfe, till ſeuene yeares heate,
Shall not behold her face at ample view:
But like a Cloyſtreſſe ſhe will vailed walke,
And water once a day her Chamber round
With eye-offending brine: all this to ſeaſon
A brothers dead loue, which ſhe would keepe freſh
And laſting, in her ſad remembrance.

Duke. O ſhe that hath a heart of that fine frame
To pay this debt of loue but to a brother,
How will ſhe loue, when the rich golden ſhaft
Hath kill'd the flocke of all affections elſe
That liue in her. When Liuer, Braine, and Heart,
Theſe ſoueraigne thrones, are all ſupply'd and fill'd
Her ſweete perfections with one ſelfe king:
Away before me, to ſweet beds of Flowres,
Lone-thoughts lye rich, when canopy'd with bowres.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda

Enter Viola, a Captain

Viola. What Country (Friends)
Cap. This is Illyria Ladie.

Viola. And what ſhould I do
My brother he is in Elizium,
Perchance he is not drown'd: V

Cap. It is perchance that you
Viola. O my poore brother, and

Cap. True Madam, and to co
Aſſure your ſelfe, after our ſhip
When you, and thoſe poore num

Hung on our driving boate: I ſ
Moſt provident in perill, binde h
(Courage and hope both teaching
To a ſtrong Maſte, that liu'd vpe

Where like *Orion* on the Dolphin
I ſaw him hold acquaintance wi
So long as I could ſee.

Viola. For ſaying ſo, there's G
Mine owne eſcape vnfoldeth to
Whereto thy ſpeech ſerues for a

The like of him. Know'ſt thou
Cap. I Madam well, for I wa

Not three houres trauaile from
Viola. Who gouernes heere?

Cap. A noble Duke in natur
Viola. What is his name?

Cap. Orſino.
Viola. Orſino: I haue heard my

He was a Batchellor then.
Cap. And ſo is now, or was ſ

For but a month ago I went from
And then 'twas freſh in murmure

What great ones do, the leſſe wi
That he did ſeeke the loue of fair

Viola. What's ſhee?
Cap. A vertuous maid, the d

That did ſome twelue month ſi
In the protection of his ſonne, he

Who ſhortly alſo did: for wh
(They ſay) ſhe hath abiur'd the

And company of men.
Viola. O that I ſeru'd that Lad

And might not be deliuered to th
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